HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

COLLECTED FOR THE

CHRISTIAN CONGREGATION

WHICH MEETS IN THE

GRAMMAR-SCHOOL-WYND, GLASGOW.

From the uttermoſt part of the earth have we heard Songs, even glory to the RIGHTEOUS ONE. Iſa. xxiv. 16.

Let the word of Chriſt dwell in you richly in all wiſdom; teaching and admoniſhing one another in Pſalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs; ſinging with grace in your hearts to the Lord. Col. iii. 16.

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HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

SONG I.

SEE how Jehovah's grace doth riſe,
Outſhining all the thoughts of man;
Sov'reign, preventing, all ſurprize
To him that neither will'd nor ran;

Grand as the boſom whence it flow'd,
Kind as the heart that gave it vent,
Rich as the gift that God beſtow'd,
And lovely like the Chriſt he ſent.

Sin reign'd to death, but over ſin
And death, with more imperial ſway,
Grace ſpreads her more extenſive reign,
And doth eternal life convey.

Grace, by a righteouſneſs, doth reign,
Wrought in the bloody death of God*,
Where ſin is ſpoil'd; ſo grace doth reign
In all the worth of divine blood.

* That is, of him who is God and man in one perſon.

5 Infinite grace, how full of God,
In ev'ry work of thine thou glows!
We ſee the wounds, the divine blood,
Whence life to dying nations flows.

6 Life more abundant we poſſeſs,
O ſecond man! than Adam loſt:
An earthly proſpect * crown'd his bliſs,
We reigning heav'nly pleaſures boaſt.

7 Yea, Lord, as thine obedience, *free*,
And divine blood, excel by far
Man's *due*, abſtaining from one tree;
So great's the life thy children ſhare.

8 We, bowing, ſing thy death, ſo ſtrong
As all our ſouls from death defends.
Shout, ye redeem'd; for here your ſong
Begins, and never, never ends.

SONG II.

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thouſand glories more
Than the rich gems and poliſh'd gold
The ſons of Aaron wore.

* The proſpect of continuing to enjoy communion with God on earth, as the creator and preſerver of all things, and the giver of all good.

2 They firſt their own burnt-off'rings brought,
To purge themſelves from ſin;
Thy life was pure without a ſpot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 Freſh blood as conſtant as the day,
Was on their altar ſpilt;
But thy one off'ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.

4 Their prieſthood ran thro' ſev'ral hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office ſtands,
Eternal as thy days.

5 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the vail appears,
Before the golden throne:

6 But Chriſt, by his own pow'rful blood,
Aſcends above the ſkies;
And, in the preſence of our God,
Shews his own ſacrifice.

7 Jeſus, the King of glory, reigns
On Zion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a Lamb that has been ſlain,
And wears his prieſthood ſtill.

8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face;
And thro' him doth the Father ſhed
The bleſſings of his grace.

SONG III. *Firſt Part.*

1 ETERNAL love's the darling ſong,
Well-pleaſing to Jehovah's ear;
Attend, ye ſav'd, ye pardon'd throng,
With all your grateful harps draw near.

2 'Tis yours to ſing th' eternal date
Of love divine, and how it moves
To helpleſs man; with gladneſs great
Sing loud, for God the ſong approves.

3 Hail, Bethleh'm! hail! that joyful morn,
Whoſe rays ſpread round th' incarnate God,
When he was of a virgin born,
Who righteouſneſs and life beſtow'd.

4 For us ſalvation wide diſplays
Her ample all-refreſhing wing;
Safe in the ſhade, that love we praiſe,
And all its peerleſs glories ſing.

5 We ſing the garden and the tree,
Red with the blood that cries for peace.

Heav'n echo's back, 'I'm pleas'd in thee;'
And wrath to mercy now gives place.

From this dread object flows our joy,
Where all the majesty, and worth,
And love of God, without alloy,
In brightest splendor ay shine forth.

We sing a note that high prevails
Above the angels free from sin,
Who cannot taste the cure that heals
The deadly smart of wrath divine.

As food the hungry soul relieves,
And choice perfumes delight the smell;
So mercy from the cross revives
Man sinking in the jaws of hell.

SONG III.——*Second Part.*

THY love, O Jesus! is a theme
That never, never old shall grow:
All ages of the church proclaim
How sweetly did its numbers flow.

Down from the birth of infant time,
Thro' Eve, Abrah'm, and David's line,
Thy love did run in strains sublime;
And running with new glories shine:

3 Till thou waſt found a babe, O God!
When angels throng'd to join our lay;
Until thy love, in ſtreams of blood,
Did all its wealthy ſtores diſplay.

4 At thy aſcent the ſpacious heav'n
All round re-echo'd with this theme,
When from the throne the word was giv'n,
'Let all the angels praiſe his name.'

5 At thy return, eternal fame
From all the ſaints ſhall ſound to thee,
On banks of Eden's chearing ſtream,
Beneath the life-reſtoring tree.

SONG III.——*Third Part.*

1 THY love makes us count all things loſs,
To ſcorned poverty gives charms;
Makes martyrs bold ev'n on the croſs,
And, ſinging triumph, reach thy arms.

2 When thy love glows upon the heart,
Diſgrace forgets her ſhocking name,
Afflictions loſe their deadly ſmart,
And patience ſmiles amidſt the flame:

3 Salvation ſounds from racks and ſtakes,
Hope blunts the ſword's devouring edge;

Severeſt torture joy partakes,
Of heav'nly bliſs the welcome pledge.

Broad heav'n and earth ſhall ſing of thee,
And their melodious numbers raiſe;
We'll make thy name rememb'red be,
Th' eternal center of all praiſe.

Sing, all ye bright angelic pow'rs:
Ye ſons of mercy, praiſe your King;
The burthen of the ſong is yours:
Let wide creation chorus ſing.

And, lo! we join that heav'nly ſtrain,
Unworthy we, who ſay no more,
But, 'Jeſus dy'd, and roſe again,'
And all our toil for life is o'er.

SONG IV.

'WHAT happy men, or angels, theſe,
'That all their robes are ſpotleſs white?
'From whence came all this glorious troop,
'A troop that ſhines like ſons of light?'

From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,
And ſeas of their own blood they came;
But nobler blood has waſh'd their robes,
The blood of Chriſt the heav'nly Lamb.

3 Now they approach Jehovah's throne
With *Hallelujahs* night and day;
Sweet anthems to the great *Three One*,
Meaſure their bleſs'd eternity.

4 No more ſhall hunger pain their ſouls;
He bids their parching thirſt be gone;
And ſpreads the ſhadow of his wings,
To ſcreen them from the ſcorching ſun.

5 The Lamb that is in midſt the throne,
Shall ſhed around his chearing beams;
There ſhall they feaſt on his rich love,
And drink full joy from living ſtreams.

6 Thus ſhall their mighty bliſs renew
Thro' the vaſt round of endleſs years,
And the ſoft hand of ſov'reign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

SONG V.

1 COME let us join our chearful ſongs
With thoſe around the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy's the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
'To be exalted thus!

'Worthy's the Lamb, our lips reply,
'For he was ſlain for us!'

3 Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the ſky,
And air, and earth, and ſeas,
Conſpire to lift thy glories high,
And ſpeak thine endleſs praiſe.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

SONG VI.

1 WHERE ſhall the guilty who hath loſt
The divine favour by his ſin,
Find worth that he can ſafely truſt,
A righteouſneſs to glory in?

2 How ſhall he calm his conſcience' fears?
What ſhall he work? what ſhall he feel?
He wearies Heav'n with pray'rs and tears;
But, ah! there's ſomething lacking ſtill.

3 Behold the croſs, the blood divine,
Which there for ſons of wrath was ſhed:
Here's worth enough to purge your ſin;
Here's worth to make the guilty glad.

4 When fond experiences * are gone,
And all their joys are blown to air,
The croſs remains your boaſt alone;
For all your righteouſneſs is there.

5 Is guilt your burthen? from the croſs
Springs glorious liberty to you:
Or would you worldly luſts oppoſe?
The croſs victorious ſtands to view.

6 Would ye like Jeſus ſhine, when he
In glory comes the ſecond time?
Mark well his aſpect on the tree,
Take up the croſs, and follow him.

SONG VII.

1 NOW to the Lord a thankful ſong!
Awake, my ſoul; awake, my tongue;
Hoſanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundleſs love proclaim.

* The experiences of which men are naturally fond, as they nouriſh their pride, and make them think they ſhall have peace, although they walk after the imagination of their own hearts.

2 See how it ſhines in Jeſus' face,
The expreſs image of his grace:
God, in the perſon of the Son,
Has all his nobleſt works outdone.

3 The ſpacious earth, and ſpreading flood,
Proclaim the wiſe and pow'rful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling ſtar.

4 But in his looks a glory ſtands
'Bove all on earth form'd by thy hands;
The pleaſing luſtre of his eyes
Outſhines the wonders of the ſkies.

5 Grace! 'tis a ſweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jeſus' name!
Ye ranſom'd myriads * round the throne,
Sing of the works his grace hath done.

6 O happy they who reach the place
Where he doth ſhew his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And praiſe his name with harps of gold.

SONG VIII. *Firſt Part.*

YE nations hear; 'tis Heav'n doth call:
Ye ſlaves, ye kings of ev'ry tongue,

* A myriad is ten thouſand.

Give ear; the theme concerns you all;
The great ſalvation is my ſong.

2 'Tis not for this or that realm,
'Tis no ſuch mean contracted ſcheme:
Let ev'ry tongue adopt the pſalm;
The common ſafety is my theme.

3 The grand deliv'rance was diſplay'd
By God's dear Son, the Prince of Peace,
When he roſe from the dead, and ſaid
To his elev'n, with lips of grace;

4 'All hail! my brethren, peace to you;
'That perfect bliſs my Father hath,
'He gives to me, I give to you;
'For I have turn'd away the wrath.

5 'Your works are finiſh'd by my hand;
'Your debt is paid, your ſin forgiv'n;
'And lo! I mount yon ſky to ſtand
'Your ever-faithful friend in heav'n.

6 'Ye ſee I live, who once was ſlain:
'Tell all the world the gladſome news,
'That God is reconcil'd to men,
'Barbarians, Greeks, as well as Jews.

7 'In deſerts, towns, to ev'ry kind,
'O'er ev'ry mountain, ev'ry plain,

'Tell my ſalvation's not confin'd
'To any rank or ſet of men.

'Speak boldly in my name to all:
'My word with equal force prevails
'On wiſe, on fools, on great, on ſmall;
'The mountains level, raiſe the vales.

'Suſpect not how the news will pleaſe
'The ſons of pride, who make their boaſt
'Of wiſdom, wealth, and worldly eaſe;
'Nor think your labour will be loſt.

'Dream not in all th' apoſtate race
'A well-diſpoſed heart to find,
'To welcome or improve my grace:
'Hope nothing from the human mind.

'The great reward of all my pain
'Stands not on ſuch precarious ground:
'Thus not one ſoul could life obtain;
'Thus all my pangs were fruitleſs found.

SONG VIII.—*Second Part.*

HE who ſurveys the heart of man,
And teſtifies 'tis only ill;
He hath not form'd his ſaving plan
On ought depending on man's will.

2 But God, in mercy, purpos'd hath,
And God's ſalvation ſtandeth ſure,
To bleſs all nations; and Chriſt's death
Hath made their bleſſedneſs ſecure.

3 All his redeem'd ſure mercies boaſt.
The will of him who ſent him is,
That none he'th giv'n him ſhould be loſt,
But rais'd by him to endleſs bliſs.

4 The grace of God in Jeſus ſhown,
Moſt ſure ſalvation brings along.
Salvation to our God alone,
Of ev'ry tribe ſhall be the ſong.

5 Is any heart ſo black, ſo foul,
Excluded here? 'Tis ſurely mine:
But who's that narrow-hearted ſoul
God's common ſafety dares confine?

6 Who dares confine it unto them
That boaſt a will diſpos'd t' embrace;—
That boaſt a mind of better frame,
T' improve the influence of his grace?

7 Who can by merit God prevent?
Let him ſtand forth for recompence:
But, Lord, for ever ever grant
Preventing grace be my defence.

Be that redemption mine for ay,
Which guilty men in Jeſus ſee;
That, with the whole redeem'd, I may
The praiſe of all aſcribe to thee.

SONG IX.

'SHALL men preſumpt'ous ruſh on God,
'With guilt deform'd, and foul;
'Aſk for that favour they deſerve,
'And bid his thunder roll?'

Speak not of worth, nor cloud his grace,
But let his mercy ſhine:
Mercy's a ſtranger to thy worth,
All ſov'reign, all divine.

He wills, for why? becauſe he wills
To ſave the ſinking ſoul:
Nor can the whole creation's pow'r
His ſov'reign will controul.

Hail! ſov'reign Grace, divinely bright,
Beneath whoſe ample wing,
The ranſom'd myriads raiſe their voice,
Th' angelic myriads ſing!

We thank thee, Lord, that we are taught
By this rich grace to ſtand.

In righteouſneſs we have not wrought,
Nor once touch'd with our hand.

SONG X.

1 SEE yonder croſs! come, turn aſide,
And this great ſight behold;
The veh'ment flames of wrath divine
On Chriſt the man take hold.

2 This buſh did burn 'midſt fierceſt flames;
Yet unconſum'd it ſtood:
The man almighty wrath ſuſtains;
For why? the man was God.

3 Lifeleſs a while his body lay,
To ſhew the flame was dire;
But uncorrupted ſoon it roſe,
For he did bear the fire.

4 The flame on all his church unite
With him, that hour, did ruſh;
And not a branch nor twig was burnt,
For God was in the buſh.

5 Tho' guilt, in all your ſuff'rings, make
You brambles for the fire;
Yet God, in midſt of you, preſerves
From all that wrath entire.

Then follow Chriſt 'midſt floods and flames;
With him go dauntleſs through:
Nor floods, nor flames repell'd the love
He gracious bare to you.

SONG XI.

BEHOLD my ſervant, whom I ſend
Down from the pure realms of light;
My choſen One, my darling Son,
In whom is fix'd my ſoul's delight.

My Spirit's fulneſs ever dwells
On head of this anointed One:
By him my judgment and my truth
To lands remote ſhall be made known.

He ſhall not cry, nor lift his voice,
'Mong crowds to raiſe the loud alarm:
He'll ſhun all ſtrife for kingly pow'r;
No earthly grandeur ſhall him charm.

The bruiſed reed he ſhall not break,
His ſtrength in weakneſs to diſplay:
His lovely folk ſhall wear his yoke;
His gentle rod they will obey.

The ſmoking flax can ne'er expire,
For he ſuſtains the hidden flame;

The ſinking ſinner he relieves,
Who truſts for life his precious name.

6 Yea, many waters cannot quench
The fire that burns with feeble ray:
His kingdom's light that dimly ſhines,
Shall blaze like noon-tide of the day.

7 He judgment unto victory
Shall bring, to put his foes to ſhame;
His brethren then triumphantly
Shall ſing the glories of his name.

8 Ariſe, O Lord, victorious come,
In all thy Father's glory ſhine:
O come to ſave thy ſaints; and then
Thy folk with thee ſhall ever reign.

SONG XII.

1 GREAT God! did e'er thy juſtice ſhine
With ſuch reſplendent flame,
As when thine only Son for ſin
A bloody corpſe became?
[*Thy juſtice in the ſaving plan,*
Thro' him, exceeds the thoughts of man.]

2 When we his broken body ſee,
And his ſhed blood behold,

Tho' we are vile, O God! to thee
Approaching, we are bold.
[*Our boldneſs is in Jeſus' name,*
The ſpotleſs ſacrificial Lamb.]

Hence now thy throne, ſirnam'd 'of grace,'
No ſinner will affright:
Thy ſatiate juſtice ſmileth now
Where all thy wrath did light.
[*Juſtice and mercy now combine*
That ranſom'd men in life ſhould reign.]

Awake, our ſouls; awake, our tongues,
And tunes of pleaſure ſing:
High Hallelujahs ſhall be rais'd
To the eternal King.
[*The ranſom'd ones ſhall ever ſing*
The praiſes of their God and King.]

SONG XIII.

OH! did the Father's deareſt Son
Go mourning to the grave?
And did he die for ſin, that grace
Might dying ſinners ſave?
See from the dead the Prince of life
In glory bright appears!

No further proof of love I'll ſeek:
This quiets all my fears.

3 This ſtream of light, within the cloud,
Sure token is of grace:
Where wrath did frown, ſee mercy ſmiles
In lovely Jeſus' face.

4 This ſign of love my ſoul relieves;
'Tis eaſe from all my pain:
I will not fear to look to God,
Becauſe the Lamb was ſlain.

SONG XIV.

1 NOW to the Lord that makes us know
The wonders of his ſaving love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above.

2 'Twas he that cleans'd us from our ſins,
And waſh'd us in his divine blood;
'Tis he that makes us prieſts and kings,
And brings us, rebels, near to God.

3 To Jeſus, the atoning prieſt,
To Jeſus Chriſt, the Lord and King,
Be everlaſting pow'r confeſs'd,
While his redeem'd his glory ſing.

Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye ſhall ſee him move;
Tho' with our ſins we pierc'd him once,
Then he diſplays his pard'ning love.

The unbelieving world ſhall wail,
But we rejoice to ſee the day:
Come, Lord: nor let thy promiſe fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

SONG XV.

'SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And ſend your fears away;
'News from the region of the ſkies,
'The Saviour's born to-day.

'Jeſus, the God whom angels fear,
'Comes down to dwell with you;
'To-day he makes his ent'rance here,
'But not as monarchs do.

'No gold, nor purple ſwadling-bands,
'Nor royal ſhining things;
'A manger for his cradle ſtands,
'And holds the King of kings.

'Go, ſhepherds, where the infant lies,
'And ſee his humble throne;

'With gladneſs ſparkling in your eyes,
'Go, and behold the Son.'

5 Thus Gabriel ſang, and ſtrait around
The heav'nly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty ſound,
And thus conclude the ſong;

6 'Glory to God that reigns above,
'Let peace ſurround the earth;
'Mortals ſhall know their Maker's love
'At their Redeemer's birth.'

7 Lord, and ſhall angels have their ſongs,
And men have none to raiſe?
O do thou looſe our uſeleſs tongues,
When they neglect to praiſe.

8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn;
We join to ſing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

SONG XVI.

1 THE divine Lover, and his ſpouſe,
Their marriage is a lofty theme,
Fit only for the heav'nly muſe,
And them fir'd with the divine flame:

2 They only can the beauties ſee
That are diſplay'd in him, who chuſe,
Though he was God, a man to be,
That he might ſeek and find his ſpouſe.

3 For him, who, in the form of God,
Had been before the world began,
And then in fleſh made his abode,
And ſhew'd himſelf in form of man,

4 No match was found: but he to have,
By purchaſe dear, his wiſh'd-for bride,
His life for her moſt freely gave,
And ſhe came of his pierced ſide.

5 Thus Eve, from ſleeping Adam's ſide,
A comely form was brought to him:
He waking, his own likeneſs ſpy'd;
And knowing well from whence ſhe came,

6 Bone of my bone, fleſh of my fleſh,
This is, ſaid he, and let her name,
Deriv'd from mine, ſerve to expreſs
Her riſe from me, another ſame.

7 Therefore a man his parents dear
Shall leave, and ſhall with one remain,
Join'd as his wife, in bond moſt near:
One fleſh they are, and no more twain.

8 A better ſource Chriſt, in his death,
Of being to his mate did prove;
And riſing from the dead, he hath
Found the fair object of his love.

9 Where ſin and death's deformity
Had been, behold a living form
His image ſhews in purity,
And beauty, ſuch as doth him charm.

10 From his great Father he came forth,
And left his mother-church of Jews,
To join the church that has her worth
From him, and cleave to her his ſpouſe.

11 The name he gave her can declare,
That ſhe's of him, and with him one
In ſp'rit divine, ev'n as they ſhare
In fleſh and blood; ſuch nearneſs none.

12 A firmer band than mingled clay;
A divine tie knits the bleſs'd pair,
In union that ſhall laſt for ay.
My ſoul, in this have thou thy ſhare.

SONG XVII.

1 BEHOLD the bright morning appear
And Jeſus revives from the grave!

His riſing removes all our fears,
And ſhews him almighty to ſave.
How ſtrong were his tears, and his cries!
The worth of his blood how divine!
How perfect is his ſacrifice,
Who roſe, tho' he ſuffer'd for ſin!

The man that was crowned with thorns;
The man that at Calvary dy'd;
The man that bore ſcourging and ſcorns,
Whom ſinners agreed to deride;
Now bleſſed for ever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain;
Now glory has crowned his head;
Heav'n ſings of the Lamb that was ſlain.

Believing we ſhare in his joy;
By faith we partake in his reſt;
With this we can chearfully die,
For with him we hope to be bleſt:
This makes us regardleſs of fame,
And riches and pleaſures deſpiſe;
We ſuffer for Jeſus's name,
And die, that with him we may riſe.

We wait for his coming again,
To raiſe us in glory like him;

This glory his ſaints ſhall obtain;
His foes ſhall be cloathed with ſhame.
Then ſhall his afflicted and poor
From duſt and the dung-hill be rais'd;
Their want and diſgrace are no more;
By him they with princes are plac'd.

5 Then will he moſt fully reward
The kindneſſes done to his name;
For faithfully he hath declar'd
He takes them as favours to him.
'Ye bleſs'd of my Father, come near,
'Sit down on my heav'nly throne;
'This throne did my Father prepare
'For them that delight in his Son.'

6 Then let us look forward to this,
And joyfully take up his croſs:
His ſervants ſhall be where he is,
And all that we loſe is but droſs:
They're honour'd whom he ſhall approve;
Their riches ſhall never decay;
Their joy is compleat in his love;
Their tears ſhall be all wip'd away.

SONG XVIII.

LET the ſaints all rejoice and triumph in their King,
To Jeſus with ſhouting and melody ſing:
For ſinners' redemption his life's blood he gave,
And the faithful true Witneſs will never deceive.

His blood's all your boaſting, his blood ſhed for you:
With confidence truſt him,—his words are all true;
For he ſeal'd with his blood ev'ry promiſe he gave,
And the faithful true Witneſs will never deceive.

He promis'd a crown, when he left you the croſs;
And he with a kingdom rewards all your loſs:
To glory he leads, while cloſe to him you cleave,
For the faithful true Witneſs will never deceive.

How glorious to follow the dear ſuff'ring God,
Thro' great tribulation, the path that he trod!
His faithful redeem'd in that path follow'd have,
And the faithful true Witneſs did never deceive.

When he calls you afflictions and ſorrows to bear,
He feels theſe afflictions, and wipes ev'ry tear;
Thro' fire and thro' water he never will leave,
For the faithful true Witneſs will never deceive.

He promis'd more grace, that you fall not away;
And his pow'r is plighted * for your life for ay:
He lives wholly for you: what more can you crave?
For the faithful true Witneſs will never deceive.

* Solemnly engaged.

7 His promiſe is ſure, 'I come quickly again;'
And he waits to hear you ſound forth your *Amen:*
Of that hope of glory he'll never bereave,
For the faithful true Witneſs will never deceive.

8 That he'll change your vile body he caus'd you to hope:
Like his glorious body he ſhall raiſe you up,
All ſhining in glory, redeem'd from the grave;
For the faithful true Witneſs will never deceive.

SONG XIX.

1 O JESUS! the glory, the wonder, and love,
Of angels and glorify'd ſpirits above,
And ſaints who behold thee not, yet dearly love,
Rejoicing in hope of thy glory.
Thou only and wholly art lovely and fair,
Who rob'ſt not Jehovah, with him to compare;
Jehovah glows in his own image; ſhines there
In viſible bodily glory.

Worthineſs dwells in thee;
Excellent dignity,
Splendor and majeſty,—
Glory environs thee;

Pow'r, honour, dominion, and life reſt on thee,
O thou chiefeſt among the ten thouſands.

2 Where-ever we view thee, new glories ariſe:
The man that's God's fellow, who rides on the ſkies,
Made fleſh, dwelt among us, brought God near our eyes,
And in grace and truth ſhew'd all his glory.

Thou ſpoke to exiſtence the heav'ns and their hoſts,
The earth and its fulneſs, the ſeas and their coaſts;
Time hangs on thy word, and eternity boaſts
To crown and adorn thee with glory.

Worthineſs dwells in thee;
Excellent dignity,
Splendor and majeſty,—
Glory environs thee;

Pow'r, honour, dominion, and life reſt on thee,
O thou chiefeſt among the ten thouſands.

But how lovely art thou, when, with infant-cries,
And childhood, thou meet'ſt us in that dear diſguiſe!
Thy loves, paſt all knowledge, with raptures ſurpriſe,
And raviſh our hearts with thy glory.
In thy bleſſed body, on the curſed tree,
Thou bar'ſt all our ſins, while thy God frown'd on thee,
Expiring in blood in our ſtead: and lo, we
Exult in thy merit and glory.

Worthineſs dwells in thee;
Excellent dignity,
Splendor and majeſty,—
Glory environs thee;

Pow'r, honour, dominion, and life reſt on thee,
O thou chiefeſt among the ten thouſands.

Thy blood all divine, from the grave back again,
Brought thee, King of glory. O Lamb that was ſlain,
Firſt-born from the dead, crown'd with honour ſupreme,
Thy throne is eſtabliſhed in glory;

There reign in thy glory, O thou great ador'd,
Till thy foes, cruſh'd under thy feet, be no more;
Thy throne ſhall triumph over all things reſtor'd,
And eternity blaze with thy glory.

Worthineſs dwells in thee;
Excellent dignity,
Splendor and majeſty,—
Glory environs thee;

Pow'r, honour, dominion, and life reſt on thee,
O thou chiefeſt among the ten thouſands.

SONG XX.

1 THUS ſaith the church's Head,
The Judge of quick and dead,
'Quickly I come.'
Let my redeemed pray,
O Lord, make no delay;
Thus all my ſaints ſhall ſay,
'Lord, quickly come.'

2 Let them, with one accord,
Shout their returning Lord;
Welcome him near.
Soon ſhall he come again;
Soon ſhall we with him reign;
Soon ſhall his foes be ſlain;
Soon he'll appear!

Earthquakes and ſtorms attend!
Rocks, hills, and mountains rend!
Who ſhall abide?
Heav'ns melt, and thunders roar!
Seas rage, and rend the ſhore!
Hope ſinks, to riſe no more!
Rocks cannot hide!

See how the light'nings blaze!
Jeſus his wrath diſplays!
Vengeance appears!
Lift up your heads on high,
Ye ſuff'ring company:
Now your redemption's nigh!
Baniſh your fears.

Jeſus, who dy'd for ſins,
Now in his glory reigns,
Claiming his own:
'Father, I will,' ſaith he,
'Thoſe thou haſt given me,
'Should all my glory ſee;
'Sharing my throne.'

Now ſhall the ſcarlet whore
Make nations drunk no more,
Luring * for gain:

* Alluring or decoying.

Now wrath has fill'd her cup!
She drinks the vengeance up,
Torments devoid of hope!
Endleſs her pain!

7 We deſerv'd wrath no leſs;
We had no worthineſs;
Hell was our doom:
But the Lamb worthy is;
His blood has purchas'd peace;
In him we've righteouſneſs,
Life thro' his name.

8 Let the redeemed throng
Make ſov'reign grace their ſong;
Mercy adore!
Aſcribe ſalvation
To him that fills the throne,
And to the Lamb alone,
For evermore.

SONG XXI.

1 DEceiv'd by ſubtile ſnares of hell,
Adam, our head, our father, fell,
When Satan in the ſerpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the threat'ning; death began
To take poſſeſſion of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curſes ſmote the ground.

3 But Satan found a worſe reward;
Thus ſaith the vengeance of the Lord,
'Let everlaſting hatred be
'Betwixt the woman's ſeed and thee.

4 'The woman's ſeed ſhall be my Son;
'He ſhall deſtroy what thou haſt done,
'Shall break thy head, and only feel
'Thy feeble malice bruiſe his heel.'

5 He ſpake, and bid four thouſand years
Roll on: at length his Son appears:
Angels with joy deſcend to earth,
And ſing the great Redeemer's birth.

6 Lo, by the ſons of hell he dies;
But as he hung 'twixt earth and ſkies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.

SONG XXII.

1 WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in ſtate,

Along the road from Edom's land,
Straight forth from Bozrah's gate!

2 The glories of his robes proclaim
'Tis ſome victorious king.
'Tis I, the Juſt, the mighty One,
'Who can ſalvation bring.'

3 Why, mighty Lord? thy ſaints enquire,
Why thine apparel's red?
And all thy veſture ſtain'd like thoſe
Who in the wine-preſs tread?

4 'I by myſelf have trod the preſs,
'And cruſh'd the foes alone;
'My wrath hath ſtruck them on the head,
'My fury ſtamp'd them down.

5 'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
'With joyful ſcarlet ſtains;
'The triumph that my raiment wears
'Sprung from their bleeding veins.'

6 Thy honours, O victorious King,
Thine own right hand did raiſe;
We, knowing this, thy conqueſt ſing,
And our Deliv'rer praiſe.

SONG XXIII.

1 THE reſurrection
Of Jeſus from the dead,
Declareth him the holy One
Who dy'd in ſinners' ſtead.

2 He from the guilt of ſins
Charg'd on him when he dy'd,
Was then diſcharg'd, by law fulfill'd,
And juſtice ſatisfy'd.

3 The divine law made life
His due who ſhould perform
The things it did require; and he
That life could juſtly claim.

4 God's wrath did fill his ſoul,
While he a curſe was made
For man; but now the Father's face
Makes him exceeding glad.

5 The great deliverance,
And divine favour due
To Chriſt's obedience, is theirs
Who hold God's record true.

6 Let us not ſeek to live
By any thing we've done;

But live by what Jehovah ſaith
Of his beloved Son.

SONG XXIV.

1 PRAISE, everlaſting praiſe, be paid
To him that earth's foundations laid:
Praiſe to our God whoſe ſtrong decrees
Rule heav'n, and earth, and ſkies, and ſeas.

2 Praiſe to the goodneſs of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there as ſtrong as his decrees,
He ſets his kindeſt promiſes.

3 Firm are the words his Inſpir'd give,
Sweet words on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who ſpoke, and ſpread the ſkies abroad.

4 Each of them pow'rful as that ſound
That bid the earth with fruits abound;
And quick'ning like the voice that ſaid
To Lazarus, 'Come from the dead.'

5 Each of them comfort doth impart,
And gladneſs great unto the heart
Of thoſe who ſit at Jeſus' feet,
And know them as in him they meet.

6 Whence then ſhould doubts and fears ariſe?
Why trickling ſorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas, our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

SONG XXV.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell aroſe
Againſt God's Son, his ſole delight;
And he betray'd was to his foes.

2 Before the mournful ſcene began,
He took the bread, and bleſs'd, and brake;
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he ſpake.

3 'This is my body broke for ſin;
'Receive and eat the living food:'
Then took the cup, gave thanks again*;
'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.

4 'Do this (he ſaid) till time ſhall end,
'In mem'ry of your dying friend;
'Meet at my table, and record
'The love of your departed Lord.'

* See Matth. xxvi. 26, 27.

5 Jeſus, thy love we celebrate,
We ſhew thy death, we ſing thy name,
Till thou return, and we ſhall eat
The marriage-ſupper of the Lamb.

SONG XXVI.

1 AS from a rock's ſtupendous height,
The eagle doth her prey deſcry;
She, with her young, ſucks up the blood;
And where the ſlain are, there is ſhe.

2 So when the Lamb, who once was ſlain,
And by his blood bought us to God,
Shall in his glory come again,
The ſaints ſhall flock to his abode.

3 Then they who feaſted here below,
On his broke body and ſhed blood,
Shall ever fill'd be with his love,
And fully know that God is good.

4 Let us then look and long for him,
Say with the church, 'Come quickly, Lord.'
To ſuch the righteous crown he'll give,
As promis'd in his faithful word.

SONG XXVII.

1 WHAT equal honours ſhall we bring,
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that heav'n doth ſing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was ſlain,
The Prince of Life that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to riſe, and live, and reign
On right hand of his Father, God.

3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who ſtood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wiſdom belongs to Jeſus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madneſs here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he ſuſtain'd amazing loſs;
To him aſcribe eternal might,
Who left his weakneſs on the croſs.

5 Honour immortal muſt be paid,
Inſtead of ſcandal, and of ſcorn;
While glory ſhines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curſe for wretched men;

Let ſaints and angels praiſe his name,
And every creature ſay, 'Amen.'

SONG XXVIII.

1 CHRIST is riſen from the dead,
[*Hallelujah.*]
High aſcended as our Head,
[*Hallelujah.*]
Ent'red heav'n with his blood,
[*Hallelujah.*]
Seated on the throne of God.
[*Hallelujah.*]

2 Now his work appears compleat,
[*Hallelujah.*]
For he reigns in glory great;
[*Hallelujah.*]
Heaven ſounds his praiſe aloud,
[*Hallelujah.*]
Praiſe him all ye ſons of God.
[*Hallelujah.*]

3 God is pleaſed in his Son,
[*Hallelujah.*]
For the work that he hath done,
[*Hallelujah.*]

For the glory he hath giv'n
[*Hallelujah.*]
To the Lord of earth and heav'n.
[*Hallelujah.*]

4 Mercy doth to ſinners flow,
[*Hallelujah.*]
For the law hath got its due;
[*Hallelujah.*]
Juſtice now is ſatisfy'd,
[*Hallelujah.*]
Chriſt is riſen from the dead.
[*Hallelujah.*]

SONG XXIX.

1 LIKE ſheep we went aſtray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Chriſt ſuſtain'd the ſtroke!

His precious blood the Shepherd pays.
A ranſom for the flock.

4 His honour and his life
Were taken both away:
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
He lay as low as they.

5 But God hath rais'd his head
O'er all the ſons of men;
And made him ſee a num'rous ſeed,
To recompenſe his pain.

6 'I'll give him (ſaith the Lord)
'A portion with the ſtrong;
'He ſhall poſſeſs a large reward,
'And hold his honours long.'

SONG XXX.

1 SINNERS of ev'ry tribe behold
The price of ev'ry kind of ſin,
God's various wrath, and manifold,
For various guilt, met in his Son.

2 What million ſins that death atones!
When God's dear Son in blood expir'd,
A whole burnt-offering at once,
The whole of what our God requir'd.

3 Let hypocrites behold the man,
Ev'n in the eye of God ſincere;
The covetous view him, who than
The fox had leſs, or birds of air.

4 Who ſeek for honour and a name,
See Chriſt's mock-robe, and crown of thorn;
Whom angels worſhip, fill'd with ſhame,
A mock-king, in contempt and ſcorn.

5 Proud, ſelf-conceited ſinner, ſee
The humble, lowly ſp'rit, and mild:
Malicious, ſtand condemn'd, when ye
See Jeſus made a little child.

6 Lovers of pleaſures, hear the cries
And torments of his ſoul ſo great,
Sorrows, amazements, agonies,
In anguiſh dropping bloody ſweat.

7 Backſliders, wonder at the grace,
And bluſh to think how Jeſus ſtood
Unſhaken, crying in our place,
'Why haſt thou left me, O my God?'

8 He ſhrunk not in that fatal hour,
When our accurs'd backſlidings all
O'erwhelm'd his ſoul, replete with love;
And fill'd his bitter cup with gall.

9 Mercy's our portion to the end,
That mercy which the ſaints do claim;
Which, how we ſhare, is all explain'd,
Jeſus, when we repeat thy name.

SONG XXXI.

1 JESUS, the man of grief,
A mourner all his days*;
In ſpirit he did once rejoice,
His joy burſt forth in praiſe;

2 'I thank thee, Father, Lord
'Of earth, and heav'n above,
'That from the wiſe and prudent men,
'Haſt hid thy wond'rous love:

3 'But haſt reveal'd to babes,
'The riches of thy grace;
'And made them know thy ſaving name,
'That name which angels praiſe.'

4 Thus doth the Lord of all,
His great decrees fulfil:
He orders all his works of grace
By his own ſov'reign will.

* That is, all the days of his humiliation.

SONG XXXII.

1 THRO' faith in Jesus we repent
The sins for which he dy'd;
And pardon, thro' his blood, we crave
From justice satisfy'd.

2 The agony which he endur'd
When our guilt press'd him sore,
Turns into grief that cursed joy
We had in sin before.

3 His cross doth break the pow'r of sin,
For he a curse was made:
The dead in sins now live to God,
Thro's rising from the dead.

4 To him be honour, glory, pow'r,
And might for evermore,
Who dy'd, and from the dead arose,
That he should die no more.

SONG XXXIII.

1 WHEN the King of kings comes,
When the Lord of lords comes;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes;

To ſee the nations broken down,
And kingdoms once of great renown;
And ſaints, now ſuff'ring, wear the crown,
When the King of kings comes.

2 When the trump of God calls,
When the laſt of foes falls;
We ſhall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes;
To ſee the ſaints rais'd from the dead,
And all together gathered,
And made like to their glorious Head,
When the King of kings comes.

3 When the foes' diſtreſs comes,
When the church's reſt comes;
We ſhall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes;
To ſee the new Jeruſalem,
Its fulneſs and its matchleſs frame,
Surpaſſing all report and fame,
When the King of kings comes.

4 When the world's courſe is run,
When the Judgment is begun;
We ſhall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes;

To ſee the ſons of God well known,
All-ſpotleſs to their Father ſhown;
And Jeſus all his brethren own,
When the King of kings comes.

5 When the Lord from heav'n comes,
When the hoſt of heav'n comes;
We ſhall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes;
To ſee the righteous cauſe prevail,
And all debates decided well,
And all mouths ſtopp'd which lies do tell,
When the King of kings comes.

6 When our God in clouds comes,
When he with great pow'r comes;
We ſhall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes;
To ſee all things by him reſtor'd,
And God himſelf alone ador'd
By all the ſaints with one accord,
When the King of kings comes.

SONG XXXIV.

1 THERE's no name among men,
Nor angels, ſo bright,
As is the name *Jeſus*,
The Father's delight;

2 The joy of his children;
They ſpeak of this name,
And ſweetly its praiſes
In ſongs they proclaim;

3 The wonder of angels,
Their choir ſounds it high;
The terror of devils,
Far from it they fly;

4 The ſerpent's ſeed hate it,
While yet 'tis their fear;
By their ſpite againſt it,
It ſhines the more clear.

5 In all goſpel-churches
This name is ador'd,
As their ſhield and glory,
With chearful accord:

6 And there 'tis declared,
The help of diſtreſs'd,
The hope of the hopeleſs,
And eaſe of oppreſs'd.

7 The church of the firſt-born,
With angels of light,
Shall ſound forth its praiſes
With endleſs delight;

8 But fully unfolded
It can be by none,
Save Jeſus among them,
The Father's dear Son.

SONG XXXV.

1 PRECIOUS, O Jeſus, is thy bleſſed name!
The folk who thee know, in ſongs it proclaim:
To them it is ſav'ry, to them it is dear,
And gives conſolation amidſt ev'ry fear.

2 Like ointment forth pour'd, for healing of wounds,
Is thy precious name, where known guilt abounds:
It healeth the conſcience which nothing can cure,
But the pain and ſorrow that thou didſt endure.

3 At hearing thy name the ſtubborn obey,
Aſham'd of their pride themſelves proſtrate lay:
When thou giv'ſt command with the word of a King,
The grace they reſiſted with gladneſs they ſing.

4 In thy houſe thy name is fear'd and ador'd;
None but thee is known or owned as Lord:
For there's none beſide thee; none like thee can ſave,
Who by thy own pow'r burſt the bars of the grave.

5 Ages without end thy name ſhall be ſung;
Thy merit and worth ſhall move ev'ry tongue
Of the happy people whom thou mak'ſt to ſtand,
And drink of the pleaſures which flow at thy hand.

6 Then let us be glad, and joy in thy name,
Tho' in Adam loſt, and cov'red with blame:
Our peace is made for us; thou ſaid'ſt, 'It is done.'
The Father is pleas'd with the work of his Son.

SONG XXXVI.

1 THY love more precious is by far,
O Jeſus, than the choiceſt wine;
Unparallel'd that love appears
Which in thy loving breaſt did ſhine:

2 Becauſe thou art that holy One
Who for thy choſen ſheep did die,
The ſavour of thy precious name
To thee draws all thy choſen nigh:

3 Therefore the virgins do thee love,
Thy ſaints thee worſhip and adore.
Draw us;—we will run after thee,
And turn aſide from thee no more.

4 Above all things, Lord, may we mind
Thy death for us, and thy command,
That we ſhould one another love,
As children in thy grace who ſtand.

5 O, that thy love unmerited,
Thy boundleſs grace, may be our ſong,
Until the happy period come
When we ſhall join the heav'nly throng.

SONG XXXVII.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your God and King adore:
O Zion, ſhout and ſing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice—with gladneſs great rejoice.

2 Jeſus, the Saviour, reigns;
His character is love;
When he had purg'd our ſins,
He took his ſeat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice—with gladneſs great rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jeſus giv'n:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice—with gladneſs great rejoice.

4 He ſits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes ſubmit,
And bow at his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice—with gladneſs great rejoice.

5 He all our foes ſhall quell,
Shall death itſelf deſtroy;
And all his people fill
With pure celeſtial joy:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice—with gladneſs great rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jeſus the Judge ſhall come,
And take his ſervants up
To their eternal home.
We ſoon ſhall hear th' Archangel's voice;
The trump of God ſhall ſound, 'Rejoice.'

SONG XXXVIII.

1 SEE mercy, mercy, from on high,
Deſcends to rebels doom'd to die;
'Tis mercy free, that knows no bound:
How grand, how gladſome is the ſound!

2 'Tis grace by righteouſneſs that reigns
Where ev'ry God-like beauty ſhines;
So leaves no doubt from whence it came,
Then grace *divine* we dare it name.

3 It courts not men of greateſt fame,
But viſits thoſe o'erwhelm'd with blame:
It makes the pooreſt wretch look gay,
And empty ſends the rich away!

4 While haughty mortals frown and fret,
Who ſov'reign boundleſs mercy hate;
Thro' all the manſions of the bleſt,
That mercy only is confeſt.

5 Until we join the happy throng,
Let boundleſs mercy be our ſong,
And may our lives with fruits abound
That ſhew we know the joyful ſound.

SONG XXXIX.

1 THE Saviour ris'n to-day we praiſe,
In concert with the bleſt;
For now we ſee his work compleat,
And enter into reſt.

2 On this firſt day * a brighter ſcene
Of glory was diſplay'd
By the Eternal Word, than when
The univerſe was made.

3 He riſes who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme!
'Twas great to ſpeak the world from nought;
'Twas greater to redeem.

* The firſt day of the week.

4 Who meaſur'd heav'n out with his ſpan?
'Twas he the wine-preſs trod!
He dy'd and ſuff'red as a man;
His riſing proves him God.

5 How vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal!
Nought can forbid his riſe.
'Tis he who ſhuts the gates of hell,
And opens paradiſe.

6 Let us his righteouſneſs proclaim.
We celebrate his death,
And riſing, 'till he come again,
Who ſaves our ſouls from wrath.

SONG XL.

1 COME, let us forth ſhew
The Saviour's praiſe,
Who's faithful and true,
And plenteous in grace.
He's ſtrong to deliver;
His blood doth redeem
The chief of tranſgreſſors
Connected with him.

2 O! happy's the man
The truth doth ſet free:
They're bleſſed who ſtand
Connected with thee,

O Jeſus, who ſtood in
Thy guilty folk's place,
But now art made glad with
The light of God's face.

3 Then let us record
Our Saviour's name:
The grace of our Lord
We'll gladly proclaim.
Our hope of ſalvation
Is founded upon
That loud proclamation,
' 'Tis finiſh'd and done.'

SONG XLI.

1 ' 'TIS finiſh'd,' our *Immanuel* cry'd,
He bow'd his head, and then he dy'd.
No room is left for worthleſs man
To help God in his ſaving plan.

2 Tranſgreſſion's finiſh'd. Grandly, lo!
The peace is made. It muſt be ſo;
For God's own Son in blood expir'd,
And anſwer'd all that God requir'd.

3 Redemption-work is ſurely done;
For Jeſus ſits on heav'n's high throne:

The Father rais'd him from the dead,
O'er all his works made him the Head.

4 Let all ſuch enquiries then ceaſe,
'What ſhall we do, to make our peace?'
The peace is made, the blood is ſhed;
The Son of God has left the dead.

5 For this grand work of divine love
Let us our gratitude ſtill prove,
By following Chriſt's righteouſneſs,
And walking in the ways of peace.

SONG XLII.

1 GLORY be to God on high,
[*Hallelujah.*]
Who hath brought the guilty nigh,
[*Hallelujah.*]
Thro' the true atoning-blood
[*Hallelujah.*]
Of the precious Lamb of God.
[*Hallelujah.*]

2 Glory to the Son of God,
[*Hallelujah.*]
Who in ſinners' room hath ſtood,
[*Hallelujah.*]

Born the wrath, and born the curſe;
[*Hallelujah.*]
Taſted death, to ranſom us.
[*Hallelujah.*]

3 Now the law is magnify'd;
[*Hallelujah.*]
For our God in fleſh obey'd!
[*Hallelujah.*]
Grace thro' righteouſneſs doth reign,
[*Hallelujah.*]
Glorious all, yea, all divine.
[*Hallelujah.*]

4 Glory to the ſacred Three,
[*Hallelujah.*]
Who are one, and all agree
[*Hallelujah.*]
In their record of the Son,
[*Hallelujah.*]
'God is pleas'd with what he'th done."
[*Hallelujah.*]

SONG XLIII.

1 DISCIPLES dear, O do not mourn,
Tho' I, your Maſter, now muſt leave you:
A little while, and I'll return,
And with eternal comforts chear you.

I know that ye believe in God,
Believe in me his well-beloved.
I in the guilty's room have ſtood,
Becauſe of this ye'll ſtand unmoved.

2 Tho' here no ſure abode ye'll find,
In heav'n are many a glorious manſion,
For you, my friends, for you deſign'd;
As I for you have paid the ranſom.
Your work is finiſh'd by my hand:
I from the grave will riſe victorious;
And go unto the pleaſant land,
Where ye ſhall reign for ever glorious.

3 When all's prepar'd, I'll come again,
And you receive to full poſſeſſion
Of life and bliſs, ay to remain;
For I have finiſh'd your tranſgreſſion.
And where I am, ye'll alſo be;
Our fierceſt foes ſhall be brought under:
Ye ſhall my Father's glory ſee;
We'll meet, and never part aſunder.

PAUSE.

4 Let us with joyful hearts then ſing
To him who dy'd, and roſe victorious;
Who death our en'my did unſting,
And reigns before his ancients glorious.

We celebrate his matchleſs love:
Nor ſin, nor Satan with his cunning,
Nor earth, nor hell, our faith ſhall move.
We gladly wait his ſecond coming.

5 With ranſom'd myriads he will come;
He'll come, and ev'ry eye ſhall ſee him;
With ſhouts of triumph then ſtruck dumb,
Confus'd his foes ſhall be before him;
While we, whom he hath caus'd to hope,
Approv'd by him, ſhall join the chorus
Of praiſe to him, who rais'd us up,
And kings and prieſts to God hath made us.

6 Now glory to the God of grace,
To him who'th giv'n ſuch conſolation,
Thro' Jeſus Chriſt, the Prince of Peace,
To ev'ry kindred, tongue, and nation.
To Jeſus, now in glory high,
On earth we'll ſing, and ay remember
That happy period when we
Will meet, and never part aſunder.

SONG XLIV.

1 JEHOVAH commanded*;
His juſtice demanded
A perfect obedience to his law for ay;
But, oh! the law's broken,
Each ſoul bears the token
That we are depraved, and all gone aſtray.
No good's to be found in
This world abounding,
With ſin, while corruption and luſt bear the ſway.
Sure each ſon of Adam,
Since his ſin in Eden,
Hath ſhar'd in the effects of that fatal day.

2 By practice and nature
We're ſpoil'd ev'ry feature;
God's image implanted is gone to decay:
With wrath we're incloſed,
To death we're expoſed,
Since Adam's tranſgreſſion on that fatal day.
But why thus lamenting?
We'll ſing grace preventing,
Unſought-for, unwiſh'd-for, which God did diſplay:
In Chriſt is ſalvation
From hell and damnation;
He died in our room, and roſe the third day.

* Gave a law to the firſt Adam, to be obſerved by him as the head and repreſentative of all his natural ſeed.

3 We glory in Jeſus,
Who died to ſave us;
And we in God's preſence have no more to ſay.
We wait for his coming,
To raiſe us all-blooming
With glory unfading, at the judgment-day.
All things are preparing
For Jeſus' appearing;
'Redemption draws nigh,' all the ſaints may now ſay:
He ſays, 'I come quickly;'
We pray, 'Lord, come quickly,'
'And then all our ſorrows ſhall flee far away.'

SONG XLV.

1 NOW let the poor complain no more:
The goſpel ſpeaks of heav'nly ſtore;
It tells of wealth laid up in heav'n,
Unto the poor 'tis freely giv'n.

2 We ſing the Saviour's tender love,
That kindly brought him from above,
To preach the goſpel to the poor,
A rich ſalvation free and ſure.

3 The law requir'd a ſacrifice,
Bought often at a goodly price;
The ſacrifice that opens heav'n,
For rich and poor the Lord hath giv'n.

4 Earth's riches, then, no more we claim,
Which vaniſh like a morning dream;
Content with what God's hand ſupplies,
We covet not what he denies.

SONG XLVI.

1 WHY ſhould th' afflicted Chriſtian faint?
Tho' th' outward man decay,
The vigour of the inward man
Increaſes day by day.

2 The lightneſs of affliction, which
But momentary is,
Works for us an exceeding great
Eternal weight of bliſs.

3 Our Sun *, thro' ſorrow's darkeſt cloud,
Pours down a chearing ray,
Which ſtrikes an op'ning thro' the gloom,
And ſhews eternal day.

4 We live by faith of future joys,
Which evermore endure:
Fleeting are all the preſent things;
But things to come are ſure.

* The Sun of righteouſneſs.

5 We know that when this earthly houſe
Shall be diſſolv'd and fall,
We have a houſe, rear'd in the heav'ns,
By God, the Lord of all.

6 Amidſt the joys theſe hopes inſpire,
Our hearts in ſighs ſtill heave
To put on that eternal houſe,
Which ſtands beyond the grave.

7 Far from this world of toil and ſtrife
Our ſouls would gladly flee;
We'd leave this earthly houſe, and dwell
For ever, Lord, with thee!

SONG XLVII.

1 WHEN we our wicked hearts ſurvey,
And courſe of life, from day to day,
Nought elſe can meet our wretched view,
Than ſin, and death—its proper due.

2 But honour, praiſe, and glory, riſe
To him who reigns above the ſkies,
To pardon guilt of deepeſt ſtains;
Becauſe his mercy ſtill remains.

3 The mighty One, Immanuel,
Deign'd on this earth with men to dwell;

That ſinners might from guilt be freed,
He as a victim once did bleed.

4 His choſen he redeem'd from death,
When he for them reſign'd his breath;
Bearing the curſe, the wrath divine,
That mercy might for ever ſhine.

5 Yea; from the dead hath Jeſus come!
The Lord of life hath left the tomb!
To all the world, from that bleſt hour,
Declar'd the Son of God with pow'r.

6 When he had his diſciples bleſt,
Who worſhipt him, their God confeſt,
To his reward in heav'n he roſe,
In name and ſtead of all he choſe.

7 At God's right hand moſt bleſſed made,
The man of ſorrows is made glad;
His kingdom ſtands; his reign is ſure;
His worth for ever doth endure.

8 This is enough;—'tis all we need;
The Lord of life is ris'n indeed:
The vileſt wretch who breathes the air,
Has now no reaſon to deſpair!

9 O may our joy and boaſting be
In him who dy'd upon the tree;

May the redemption ſhining there,
For ever ſhield us from deſpair.

SONG XLVIII.

1 NOW let the trumpet ſound,
And tell the world around,
Jeſus is king:
Tell Satan and his train,
We ſaints now ſcorn their chain,
All their vile arts are vain,
Jeſus is king.

2 Let ſaints begin the ſong,
And the ſweet notes prolong
On ev'ry ſtring;
Our King came to deſtroy
The foes which us annoy,
That we may ſing with joy,
Jeſus is king.

3 Now he's exalted high,
He rules o'er earth and ſky,
And ev'ry thing;
He lives to bleſs his ſaints;
He hears their juſt complaints,
And will ſupply their wants.
Jeſus is king.

4 To him each knee ſhall bow,
Ev'n kings ſhall homage do,
And tribute bring.
Ye ſaints, then fear no harm:
Protected by his arm,
What foe can us alarm?
Jeſus is king.

5 He ſhall return to ſave
Our bodies from the grave;
Then let us ſing,
And hail the happy day
When care ſhall fly away,
And we ſhall ſing for ay,
Jeſus is king.

6 He ſhall for ever rule,
Let man, and beaſt, and fowl,
Of ev'ry wing,
Their Hallelujahs raiſe
In ſweeteſt ſounds of praiſe;
His bounty laſts always.
Jeſus is king.

SONG XLIX.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Saviour comes!
Tremble, O earth, and burſt, ye tombs.

Thou, ſun, in darkneſs vail thy rays,
To brighter glories of his face.

2 Behold, it comes! the judgment comes!
The Judge his glory now aſſumes.
Shout, heav'n, and earth, and raging waves;
'Tis Jeſus comes! his folk he ſaves.

3 It comes! it comes! the morning comes!
Awake, ye tenants of the tombs:
Awake, and ſing in heav'nly ſtrain;
Say, 'Welcome, Jeſus, come and reign.'

4 Behold, it comes! ſalvation comes!
Give up redeemed duſt, ye tombs:
Ye dead in Chriſt, from earth ariſe,
Meet Jeſus coming in the ſkies.

5 It comes! it comes! the kingdom comes!
The foes of Jeſus meet their dooms.
Unmeaſur'd joys his people know,
And welcome him again below.

SONG.

1 OUR ſouls, in higheſt notes of praiſe,
Do magnify the Lord;
In God our Saviour all our pow'rs
Rejoice with ſweet accord.

2 The Virgin's low eſtate he ſaw,
And her to honour rais'd,
Above all thoſe of woman-kind
Who are for grandeur prais'd.

3 For her th' Almighty did great things;
Of her the Saviour came;
From her he took our fleſh and blood;
And holy is his name.

4 Nor was he kind to her alone;
His mercy's ever near,
In all the ages of the world,
To them that do him fear.

5 The great and proud among the Jews,
Who Bethleh'm's Babe deſpis'd,
He ſcatter'd in the deep-laid plans
Which their proud hearts deviſ'd.

6 He hath the Rabbies from their ſeats
Of eminence put down,
And fiſher-men of low degree
Exalted to the throne.

7 The hungry ſoul, that long'd for Chriſt,
With gladneſs he hath fill'd;
While the full ſoul goes empty home,
That loaths the holy Child.

8 Still mindful of his mercy, lo!
The promis'd King appears:
He ſhall redeem us from our foes,
And free us from our fears.

SONG LI.

1 BLESS'D be Jehovah, Iſrael's God,
Who ſent his Son below,
To viſit and redeem his folk
From bondage, and from woe.

2 This is the King, the promis'd Horn,
Who brings ſalvation down;
The mighty King, from David ſprung,
To ſit on David's throne.

3 'Tis he of whom God ſpake of old,
By all his holy men;
'Tis he, who frees us from our foes,
And hath our haters ſlain.

4 This is the mercy promis'd in
The holy cov'nant made
With Abraham, and with his ſeed
By oath eſtabliſhed;

5 That we, deliv'red from our foes,
May him now fearleſs ſerve,

Holy before him all our days,
Nor from his precepts ſwerve.

6 John was the prophet of the Lord,
Sent out before his face,
To uſher in this mighty King,
And to proclaim his grace.

7 Lo! he proclaims ſalvation loud:
He ſhews the Lamb of God,
Who carries all our ſins away,
And pays our debt in blood.

SONG LII.

1 WHO hath our report believed!
Shiloh come is not received,
Not received by his own:
Promis'd Branch from root of Jeſſe,
David's offspring ſent to bleſs you,
Comes too lowly to be known.

2 Tell me, O thou favour'd nation,
What is thy fond expectation?
Some fair, ſpreading, lofty tree.
Let not worldly pride confound thee;
'Mong the lowly plants around thee,
Mark the loweſt;—that is He.

3 Like a tender plant that's growing
Where no waters friendly flowing,
No kind rains, refreſh the ground;
Drooping, dying, ye ſhall view him,
See no charms to draw you to him;
There no beauty will be found.

4 Lo! Meſſiah unreſpected!
Man of griefs, deſpis'd, rejected!
Wounds his form disfiguring:
Marr'd his viſage more than any;
For he bears the ſins of many,
All our ſorrows carrying.

5 No deceit his mouth had ſpoken,
Blameleſs—he no law had broken,
Yet was number'd with the worſt:
For, becauſe the Lord would grieve him,
Ye, who ſaw it, did believe him
For his own offences curſt.

6 But, while him your thoughts accuſed,
He for us alone was bruiſed;
Yea, for us the victim bled.
With his ſtripes our wounds are cured;
By his pains our peace ſecured,
Purchas'd with the blood he ſhed.

7 Love amazing, ſo to mind us!
The great Shepherd came to find us,
Silly ſheep all gone aſtray;
Loſt, undone by our tranſgreſſions,
Worſe than ſtript of all poſſeſſions,
Debtors without hope to pay!

8 Death our portion, ſlaves in ſpirit,
He redeem'd us by his merit,
To a glorious liberty:
Dearly firſt his goodneſs bought us,
Truth and love then ſweetly taught us,
Truth and love have made us free.

9 Glory be to him who gave us,—
Freely gave, his Son to ſave us;
Glory to the Son who came:
Honour, bleſſing, adoration,
Ever, from the whole creation,
Be to God, and to the Lamb.

SONG LIII.

1 THE victim's fleſh, without the camp,
Was burnt, as ſtain'd with ſin;
Whoſe blood was for atonement brought
The holy place within.

2 So Chriſt, that by his blood he might
His people ſanctify,
Loaded with guilt, without the gate,
Was led, to groan and die.

3 Tho' his pure heart, when tempted much,
Ne'er lodg'd an impious thought;
Yet ſov'reign grace the ſins of all
His people on him brought.

4 The earthly church, tho' ill they meant,
Did yet conſpire to ſhew,
By loading him with heinous crimes,
He was the victim true.

5 With crimes their own, not his, they did
The juſt One vilify:
With felons vile, they led him forth,
A felon's death to die.

6 Thus the reproaches of our crimes
Againſt the Higheſt done,
Not whence they came, fell back;—but fell
All on the Holy One.

7 But ſhall we, dare we, join his foes,
By lowering our eſteem
Of him, becauſe he ſtoop'd ſo low,
Such wretches to redeem?

8 Nay, rather let us leave the camp,
And unto him go forth,
Bearing our honour—his reproach;
And glory in his worth.

9 Becauſe the ſov'reign Judge of worth
Hath put the higheſt price
On his abaſement, and hath made
Him Lord of Paradiſe.

10 Deign'd he to come ſo nigh to us
As not to count it ſhame
To call us brethren? Should we bluſh
At ought that bears his name?

11 Nay, let us boaſt in his reproach,
And glory in his croſs:
When he appears, one ſmile from him
Will far o'erpay our loſs.

SONG LIV.

1 WHILE we the op'ning tomb ſurvey,
We ſing the triumphs of this day:
The Saviour roſe! He broke death's chain,
And all our helliſh foes are ſlain.

2 Tranſgreſſion's finiſh'd, God is pleas'd,
He frowns no more, his wrath's appeas'd;

From pris'n our ſurety ſtands enlarg'd,
And ſhews our bulky debt diſcharg'd.

3 The barren grave, on this bleſs'd morn,
Brought forth our Jeſus, her firſt-born:
Soon ſhall ſhe feel a ſecond throw,
And bring forth all his brethren too.

4 The life which wrought in Chriſt our head,
Secures our riſing from the dead:
This faith doth all our fears control;
This gives a ſabbath to the ſoul.

5 Our ris'n Lord all things obey;
Ev'n death itſelf muſt own his ſway:
While we ſurvey theſe wond'rous things,
Our hearts beat joy thro' all their ſtrings.

SONG LV.

1 HEAR, O heav'ns! O earth, attend!
Creation hear the joyful ſound!
Chriſt, who dy'd, is ris'n again,
And with endleſs glory crown'd.

2 Hence flows hope to guilty men,
Hence our way is pav'd to heav'n;
Jeſus died for our ſins,——
Now he lives! and we're forgiv'n.

3 What, altho' we're worthleſs all,
Sinners 'gainſt the richeſt grace,
Wrath divine is now appeas'd!
Boundleſs mercy now takes place.

4 Lo! our Interceſſor lives;
Lo! he pleads upon his throne,
Father, ſave my guilty flock,
Save, for now thy will is done.

5 Theſe are they whom I have lov'd,
They whom thou to me did'ſt give;
Theſe I purchas'd with my blood;
Since I dy'd, O let them live.

6 Juſt thy plea, the Father ſaith;
Juſt is all thy lips can crave;
Thou haſt dy'd for guilty men,
Now I can be juſt and ſave.

7 Save then theſe thy much lov'd ſheep,
Save them all, for they are thine;
Bleſs'd as I have bleſſed thee,
Let them be for ever mine.

8 Gracious God! what love is here!
How ſhall ſinners grateful prove?
How their gratitude expreſs
For thy rich preventing love?

9 How, but by their love to thee,
To thy people, to thy laws,
Daily taking up the croſs,
Gladly ſuff'ring for thy cauſe?

SONG LVI.

1 BEHOLD, the well of life appears,
Sought for by men four thouſand years!
Tell all mankind; let ev'ry gale
Bear round the earth the pleaſing tale!

2 Bid each diſeaſed ſoul come here;
Ye lame, ye blind, ye ſick, draw near!
Behold, this true medic'nal ſtream
Heals maladies of ev'ry name!

3 The blind rejoice to ſee the ſun:
The lame lay by their crutch and run:
Hark! from the dumb man's loos'ned tongue
Breaks forth the raptur'd, grateful ſong!

4 The deaf too taſte, and wond'ring hear;
The joyful ſound ſalutes their ear:
The feeble drinks the healing ſtream,
And vigour ſhoots thro' all his frame.

5 This ſtream ſhall all our wants ſupply;
Impov'riſh'd ſouls! why ſhould ye die?

The Spirit ſays, Whoever will *
May hither come, and drink his fill.

6 Let the glad tidings reach the dead;
This river runs thro' death's dark ſhade:
Where-e'er it comes, this living ſpring
Gives life and health to ev'ry thing.

7 Ye thirſty ſouls! no more complain,
Our God has ſmote the rock again;
At Calvary the ſtream ran down
From the pierc'd ſide of God's own Son!

8 While thro' life's barren waſte we ſtray,
This ſtream ſhall follow all the way;
Beſt flow'rs ſhall ſpring where-e'er it flows,
And deſerts bloſſom as the roſe.

9 What though the deſerts heats annoy,
Theſe waters ſtill renew our joy;
And while we drink this chearing ſpring,
Upon its banks we ſit and ſing.

SONG LVII.

1 THIS is the day the firſt ripe ſheaf
Before the Lord was wav'd;

* That is, any man.

And Chriſt, firſt-fruits of them that ſlept,
Was from the dead receiv'd,
In name of all for whom he dy'd,
That after him they may
Riſe, when he comes, in glory great,
That never ſhall decay.

2 This is the day the Spirit came,
With us on earth to ſtay;
A Comforter, to fill our hearts
With joys that laſt for ay:
His comforts are the earneſt ſure
Of that ſame heav'nly reſt,
Which Jeſus ent'red on, when he
Was made for ever bleſt.

3 Then let us keep this day of reſt;
Our works for us are done:
The ſeventh-day ſabbath is no more:
The earthly reſt is gone.
To th' heav'nly reſt let's follow him,
Whoſe death hath pav'd the way;
And, with the whole creation, groan
For the redemption-day.

SONG LVIII.

1 LONG, long ere Jeſus' hand had laid
The world's foundation-ſtone,
The Father plann'd our future bliſs,
And choſe us in the Son.

2 But ſin and guilt would ill become
The bright realms above;
Hence he did chuſe us to be pure,
And without blame in love.

3 For this great end, his gracious will
Ordain'd we ſhould be made
Sons to himſelf in Jeſus Chriſt,
Of all his works the head;

4 That we might offer all the praiſe
To that moſt glorious grace,
Wherein we ſtand accepted, while
It ſhines in Jeſus' face.

SONG LIX.

1 LO! He comes with clouds deſcending,
Once for elect ſinners ſlain:

Thouſand thouſand ſaints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Ev'ry eye ſhall now behold him,
Cloath'd in glorious majeſty;
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd, and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Meſſiah ſee.

3 Ev'ry iſland, ſea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth ſhall flee away;
All who hate him, muſt, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Our redemption, long expected,
See! in ſolemn pomp appear!
All his ſaints, by man rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Lord, thy bride ſaith by the Spirit,
Haſten thou the gen'ral doom!

'All God's fulneſs to inherit,
'Bring the weary pilgrims home!'
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

6 Yea! Amen! Let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly!
Shew thyſelf the Heir and Son.

SONG LX.

1 COME, let us join in ſongs of praiſe
To our aſcended Prieſt:
He ent'red heav'n with all our names
Engraven on his breaſt.
[*Jeſus, our prieſt, doth far excel*
All prieſts on earth that e'er did dwell.]

2 Below he waſh'd our guilt away
By his atoning blood;
And now he ſits upon the throne,
And pleads our cauſe with God.
[*Jeſus, our prieſt, doth far excel*
All prieſts on earth that e'er did dwell.]

3 What tho' while here we oft muſt feel
Temptation's keeneſt dart,
Our tender high-prieſt feels it too,
And will appeaſe the ſmart.
[*Jeſus, our prieſt, doth far excel*
All prieſts on earth that e'er did dwell.]

4 Cloath'd with our nature, ſtill he knows
The weakneſs of our frame,
And how to ſhield us from the foes
Which he himſelf o'ercame.
[*Jeſus, our prieſt, doth far excel*
All prieſts on earth that e'er did dwell.]

5 Nor time, nor diſtance, e'er ſhall quench
The fervours of his love;
For us he dy'd in kindneſs here,
Nor is leſs kind above.
[*Jeſus, our prieſt, doth far excel*
All prieſts on earth that e'er did dwell.]

6 O may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor bluſh to wear his name!
Still may our hearts hold faſt his faith,
Our mouths his praiſe proclaim.
[*Jeſus, our prieſt, doth far excel*
All prieſts on earth that e'er did dwell.]

SONG LXI.

1 THE mercy-ſeat of old was hid,
And by the vail conceal'd;
But now the vail is rent, and all
The glory ſtands reveal'd.

2 When on th' atoning day with blood
Once * Aaron ent'red in,
Our fathers only pray'd without;
But we can pray within.

3 Nor blood, nor incenſe in his hand,
Could huſh the high-prieſt's fear,
As he approach'd the awful place,
And to the Lord drew near;

4 But now, ſince grace ſmiles on the throne
Sprinkled with Jeſus' blood,
We enter boldly, and our tongues
Unfalt'ring ſpeak to God.

5 Aaron appear'd but once a year
Before the Holy One;
But Jeſus ſits for ever there,
A prieſt upon his throne.

* That is, under the former diſpenſation and ſtate of things.

6 And ſince his grace for ever laſts,
Nor ever fails his pow'r,
We daily aſk his grace to help
Us in the needful hour.

SONG LXII.

1 O! How dreadful doth God's vengeance
'Gainſt the ſins of men appear,
In the ſuff'rings of our Saviour,
That the guilty might be clear?
See, how awful! ſee, how awful
God in judgment doth appear!

2 'Wake, O ſword, againſt my Fellow,
Saith the ſov'reign Lord of all;
Smite the Shepherd of my people;
No ſtroke on the ſheep let fall!
Chriſt's reply is, Chriſt's reply is,
'Not my will, but thine be done.'

3 Sinners, view him, all ſubmiſſion,
Bearing all his Father's wrath—
Wrath which preſs'd him beyond meaſure,
Till it iſſu'd in his death.

It is finiſh'd, it is finiſh'd,
Jeſus cry'd, and bow'd his head*.

4 He dy'd! he dy'd for guilty men,
Vanquiſh'd death, and left the grave!
And he pleadeth with his Father,
That he may his people ſave.
Let this goſpel, let this goſpel
To all nations be proclaim'd.

5 Ye ſaints, view your Captain, Jeſus;
With ſalvation he'll you crown;
Therefore we'll aſcribe with pleaſure,
Grace to Him of high renown.
Unto glory, unto glory
Jeſus leads his people all.

SONG LXIII.

1 THY worthineſs is all our ſong,
O Lamb of God! for thou waſt ſlain;
And by thy blood bought'ſt us to God,
Out from each nation, tribe, and tongue;

* He bow'd his head in an act of humble worſhip, adoring the wiſdom and love of his Father, in appointing him to be a ſacrifice for the ſins of his people, and his juſtice, in exacting from him full payment of the debt for which he had become their ſurety.

To our God mad'ſt us kings and prieſts;
And we ſhall reign upon the earth.

2 Salvation to our God, who ſhines
In face of Jeſus on the throne,
The only juſt and merciful;
Salvation to the worthy Lamb,
With loud voice, all the church aſcribes;
Amen! ſays angels round the throne.

3 To him who lov'd us, and hath waſh'd
Us from our ſins in his own blood,
And who hath made us kings and prieſts
To his own Father and his God;
The glory and dominion be
To him eternally. Amen.

SONG LXIV.

1 A Time ſhall come, when ſteady faith
And patient hope ſhall die;
One loſt in certainty of ſight,
And one diſſolv'd in joy:

2 But love ſhall laſt, when theſe no more
Shall warm the pilgrim's breaſt,
Or open on his weary eyes
His long-expected reſt.

3 Its heav'nly ray ſhall burn thro' death,
Nor chang'd ſhall be its frame;
Its lamp ſhall triumph o'er the grave
With uncorrupted flame.

SONG LXV.

1 JESUS! we bow before thy feet!
Thy table is divinely ſtor'd:
Thy ſacred fleſh our ſouls do eat,
'Tis living bread; we thank thee, Lord!

2 We alſo drink thy precious blood;
We thank thee, Lord; 'tis gen'rous wine;
Mingled with love, the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine!

3 On earth is no ſuch ſweetneſs found,
For the Lamb's fleſh is heav'nly food:
In vain men ſearch the globe around
For bread ſo fine, or wine ſo good.

4 Carnal proviſions can at beſt
But chear the heart, or warm the head;
The rich proviſion that we taſte,
Gives life eternal to the dead.

SONG LXVI. *First Part.*

1 THE Lord is ever juſt and true;
His law muſt ſtand, and claim its due:
He will his faithfulneſs maintain,
And ſhew his juſtice ſtrict to men.

2 But Jeſus hath fulfill'd the law:
His righteouſneſs hath not a flaw;
He it wrought out in ſinners' room,
And bore the curſe that was their doom.

3 Then let the vile, th' ungodly know,
Who have no will nor pow'r to do,
That God can juſtly make them live,
And magnify his pow'r to ſave.

4 Are they ungodly and unclean?
The goſpel ſuits no other men:
'They who no good thing in them ſee,
'Shall live,' ſaith Chriſt, 'in hearing me.'

5 The vileſt wretch that hears his voice,
Has worth wherein he may rejoice;
For God imputes, in ſov'reign grace,
Unto him perfect righteouſneſs.

SONG LXVI.—*Second Part.*

1 'TWAS of the ſov'reign will of God,
The Son partook of fleſh and blood:
He took his people's place and ſin,
That juſtice might with mercy ſhine.

2 The Lamb of God, who once was ſlain,
Fulfill'd all righteouſneſs for men:
Do this, and live, the law had ſaid;
'Tis done, ſaid he, and bow'd his head.

3 Behold, the well-beloved Son
Beneath his heav'nly Father's frown!
To ſhew the law was not deſtroy'd,
He bore its dreadful curſe, and dy'd.

4 As life to righteouſneſs was due,
He roſe, and brought that life to view:
No earthly life rewards his pain;
A heav'nly life in him began.

5 'Twas fit a righteouſneſs divine
Should in rewards eternal ſhine:
But human righteouſneſs had found
Its full reward on Eden's ground.

6 In heav'n before his Father, God,
He aſked life, with his own blood;

That they might live for whom he dy'd,
By his obedience juſtify'd:

7 That they the Father's ſmile might ſhare,
Along with him, the Son and heir;
That they his heav'nly ſtate might know;
And where he is they might be too.

8 Thus all the hope God doth beſtow,
Thro' his Son's righteouſneſs doth flow:
And all his way is ſov'reign ſtill;
'He mercy hath on whom he will.'

SONG LXVII.

1 AWAKE, O Zion's daughter! riſe;
Shake off thy duſt; no more repine;
Let gladneſs ſparkle in thine eyes;
In all thy faireſt garments ſhine.

2 Behold thy King, expected long,
In humble pomp at length appears;
Amidſt yon praiſing infant-throng
His meek majeſtic head he rears.

3 No fiery ſteed he rides; he ſways
No tinſel rod of earthly reign:
A colt, ne'er us'd till now, conveys
To thee thy lowly Prince divine.

4 Here's no vain crowd, no gaudy ſhow:
Babes, taught of Heav'n, reſound his praiſe;
His paths the Galileans ſtrow
With branches of triumphant peace.

5 With ardent zeal to crown the law,
He enters grand! ſee there he is!
His preſence ſtrikes a gen'ral awe;
The wonder circles, Who is this?

6 He viſits now his Father's houſe,
And ſhews himſelf the Son and heir;
He frowns away all vile abuſe,
Smiles on his babes who praiſe him there.

7 This firſt day of the week *, he ſhews
A grand prelude of joys to come,
When he ſhould riſe, and wide diffuſe
The oil of joy his friends among.

8 The blind and lame by him reliev'd,
His ſaving light and ſtrength proclaim;
His foes with ſhame and ſpite are griev'd,
To ſee his works, and hear his fame.

9 In all the earth how worthy is,
Jehovah, our dear Lord, thy name!

* His triumphant ent'rance into Jeruſalem was upon the firſt day of the week, or five days before the laſt paſſover which he kept, according to John xii. 1, 12, 13, 14, 15.

From infant-lips thou perfect'ſt praiſe,
That thou may'ſt put thy foes to ſhame.

SONG LXVIII.

1 LORD, what was man, when made at firſt,
Adam, the offspring of the duſt,
That thou ſhould ſet him, and his race,
But juſt below an angel's place!

2 That thou ſhould'ſt raiſe his nature ſo,
And make him Lord of all below,
Make ev'ry beaſt and bird ſubmit,
And lay the fiſhes at his feet?

3 But O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the ſecond Adam's ſtate?
What honours ſhall thy Son adorn
Who condeſcended to be born?

4 See him below his angels made:
See him in duſt among the dead,
To ſave a ruin'd world from ſin;
But he ſhall reign with pow'r divine.

5 The world to come * redeem'd from all
The mis'ries that attend the fall,
New-made, and glorious, ſhall ſubmit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

* That is, the New-Teſtament church and kingdom.

SONG LXIX.

1 O JESUS, in glory when wilt thou appear,
Thy people's ſalvation,
Thy en'mies' vexation,
To finiſh our ſuff'rings, and wipe ev'ry tear;
And to thy bleſt preſence thy choſen bring near?

2 One ſmile from Jehovah, our God, and our King,
Rewards all our loſſes,
Repays all our croſſes,
When to his redeemed ſalvation he'll bring,
And grant them for ever in's kingdom to reign.

3 Then let us rejoice now, in hope of that day,
When Jeſus deſcending,
In glory tranſcending
All thought and conception, will no longer ſtay;
But for our deliv'rance will haſten his way.

4 Let us ſtill wait for him, his croſs count our joy,
His word ay believing,
And to him cloſe cleaving,
Who quickly will come, all our foes to deſtroy,
That peace everlaſting his ſaints may enjoy.

SONG LXX.

1 GREAT God! thy pow'r all things did form,
Thy wiſdom rules all with a word;
And all the ſtars of light perform
The will of their ſuperior Lord.

2 A thouſand angels, ſtrong and bright,
Behold thy face, O thou moſt High!
But none among the ſons of light
Pretends compariſon with thee.

3 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jeſus, who paid our debt in blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

4 Then let the name of Chriſt, our King,
With humble rev'rence be ador'd;
His praiſe let ev'ry angel ſing,
And the redeemed own their Lord.

SONG LXXI.

1 O GOD of perfect holineſs,
How ſhall we ſtand before thy face?
Behold, we're vile; no worth we plead:
Sin calls for vengeance on our head.

2 Thy holy law its curſe proclaims,
And ev'ry guilty ſoul condemns:
Our guilty ſouls might juſtly feel
Thy vengeance in the loweſt hell.

3 Vainly we thought to ſtill our fears
With pious wiſhes, pray'rs, and tears;

Yet ſtill our conſcience wanted peace,
Becauſe we wanted righteouſneſs.

4 But Jeſus, riſen from the dead,
Proclaims the peace his blood has made:
The gladſome news our conſcience hears;
His words of grace diſpel our fears.

5 'Behold,' ſaith he, 'my blood divine:
'Behold my ſacrifice for ſin;
'By this Jehovah's reconcil'd,
'And ſinners by my ſtripes are heal'd.'

6 Now conſcience all its charge may ſhew;
We'll own its outmoſt cenſure true:
Foul with rebellion, luſt, and pride,
We own all true; but Jeſus dy'd.

7 As God is true, there's ſafety here;
No room remains for anxious fear:
God juſtifies, then who ſhall blame?
'Tis Chriſt that dy'd, who ſhall condemn?

8 Let death approach, with ev'ry pain;
(And death is the reward of ſin;)
Yet Jeſus' death ſhall bear us up:
Till death we can't enjoy our hope.

SONG LXXII.

1 NOW let our mournful ſongs record
The ſorrows of our dying Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forſaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him, thus forlorn,
And ſhook their heads, and laugh'd in ſcorn;
'He reſcu'd others from the grave,
'Now let him try himſelf to ſave.

3 'This is the man did once pretend
'God was his Father and his friend;
'If God the bleſſed lov'd him ſo,
'Why doth he fail to help him now?'

4 Barbarous people! Cruel prieſts!
How they ſtood round like ſavage beaſts;
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their pow'r!

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till ſtreams of blood each other meet:
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.

6 But God, his Father, heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations know his righteouſneſs,
And guilty ſinners taſte his grace.

SONG LXXIII.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glories ſhine!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſand thro' the ſkies.

2 Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r;
Their motion ſpeaks thy ſkill:
And, on the wings of ev'ry hour,
We read thy patience ſtill.

3 Part of thy name, moſt glorious, ſtands
On all thy creatures writ:
They ſhew the labour of thy hands,
Or impreſs of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy grand deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms;

5 Our thoughts are loſt in rev'rent awe;
We love, and we adore;

The firſt archangel never ſaw
So much of God before.

6 Here thy great name appears compleat;
And thought can never trace
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone!
The juſtice or the grace.

7 When ſinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones!
O! the ſweet wonders of his croſs;
The conqueſts of his groans!

8 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains:
Bleſt angels learn Immanuel's name,
And ſing in choiceſt ſtrains:

9 And while we bear our humble part
In the immortal ſong,
Wonder and joy ſhall tune our heart,
And love command our tongue.

SONG LXXIV.

1 BEHOLD what human glory is!
A fading dying flow'r.
How vain a toy is earthly bliſs!
What tinſel all its pow'r!

2 The foremoſt of the human kind,
The great, the wiſe, the juſt,
The men to mercy's deeds inclin'd,
Mingle alike with duſt.

3 But Jeſus, riſen from the dead,
Eternal life diſplays;
And ſhews us joys, that never fade,
Before his Father's face.

4 He ſits, a prieſt, on heav'n's high throne;
And intercedeth there,
That all his folk may be with him,
And in his glory ſhare.

5 Then let us follow where he leads,
And gladly bear his croſs:
For's knowledge let us ever count
All other things but loſs.

6 Let his reward our hope inſpire,
And raiſe our ſouls above:
Our real life's through him t'enjoy
The kindneſs of God's love.

SONG LXXV.

1 NOW's the time to try God's people:
Now's the time to prove their love;
And to ſhew that their affections
Placed are on things above,

As they're paſſing, as they're paſſing
Thro' this vale to joys above.

2 Tho' the world be gazing on them,
With contempt, and with a ſneer;
'Mind them not,' ſaith the dear Saviour,
'Let my Father be your fear:
'He can ſave you, he can ſave you,
'Or deſtroy; make him your fear.'

3 Think not that the vict'ry comes from
Any thing that ye can do;
All your conqueſt from the Lamb is;
He, he only, bears you through,
And preſerves you, and preſerves you
In the truth, unto the end.

4 Truſt him; mark the ſteps he trod in,
And the love inſpir'd his breaſt:
Follow him, the people's Leader,
To the holy heav'nly reſt,
Where he now is, where he now is,
'Midſt the throne divinely bleſt.

SONG LXXVI.

1 WHAT joy inſpir'd the Patriarch's breaſt*,
Who from afar, with longing eyes,

* Abraham's breaſt.

Beheld the happy promis'd reſt,
Meſſiah's day in proſpect riſe!

2 'Twas this diſpos'd him to forget
His friendly home, and native land,
Reſigning all without regret,
Obedient to his God's command.

3 His mighty progeny, reveal'd,
Innum'rous as the ſtars on high,
Or flow'rs that deck the verdant field,
Could not reſtrain the prophet's eye.

4 Remoter ſcenes he had in view,
Which future ages ſhould unfold;
This fir'd his ſoul with rapture new,
And made his heart in dangers bold.

5 He ſaw Meſſiah's kingdom riſe,
(Sweet peace deſcend from heav'n above;)
His reign extend o'er earth and ſkies,
And ev'ry nation ſhare his love.

6 The ſame bright ſcene, in ev'ry age,
Unto God's choſen was reveal'd;
The ſame glad hope inſpir'd each ſage *;
Its bliſs from others was conceal'd.

7 While faith and hope their boſom warm'd,
They bore each pain, and ſcorn'd each fear;

* That is, every man who was divinely taught.

With fortitude and patience arm'd,
Unmov'd, beheld ev'n death draw near.

8 But lo! the glorious day arrives,
Which from afar diſtinguiſh'd ſhone,
When Jeſus from the dead revives,
And takes poſſeſſion of his throne.

9 On Zion hill, where princes ſtand,
Meſſiah ſits with glory crown'd;
And thence extends his ſcept'red hand,
And ſways creation's ample bound.

10 The ſaints above, when they beheld,
Tranſported with the glorious view,
Burſt forth in raptures uncontroll'd,
And taſted bliſs unknown till now.

11 For us, who ſtill on earth remain,
And wander thro' this dreary waſte,
Let ſteady faith our ſouls ſuſtain,
And joyful hope inſpire our breaſt.

12 With patience let us wait that day,
When death his captives ſhall reſtore;
And Jeſus, on the throne, ſhall ſay,
'My ſaints the curſe ſhall feel no more.'

SONG LXXVII.

1 COME, all ye followers of the Lamb,
Behold, and ſee with deep amaze,
How great your guilt, how black your crime,
While on Gethſemane ye gaze.
What veh'ment cries! what floods of tears!
What anguiſh pierceth Jeſus' ſoul!
His ſweat in bloody drops appears!
From all his body down they roll.

2 Why was his ſoul in ſuch alarm?
Why did ſuch anguiſh pierce his heart?
'Twas that we might not feel ſuch harm,
Nor might with ſuch an anguiſh ſmart.
He, for our ſins, was bruis'd and ſlain;
For us he taſted death and hell,
That we with him might live and reign,
And never ceaſe his love to tell.

3 Weep not for him, for that is vain;
Nor mourn at all for fear of hell:
But let his ſaving love conſtrain
To mourn your guilt for which he fell.
Thus Mary bluſh'd behind her Lord,
And mourn'd her ſins which were forgiv'n*:

* See the account of her, in Luke vii. 36,——48.

Thus mourn they who are taught of God
The hope laid up for men in heav'n.

SONG LXXVIII.

1 ALL mortal vanities be gone,
Nor tempt our eyes, nor tire our ears;
Behold, amidſt th' eternal throne,
The Lamb in glory bright appears.

2 Lo! he receives a ſealed book
From him that ſits upon the throne;
Jeſus, our Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.

3 All the aſſembling ſaints around,
Fall worſhipping before the Lamb,
And in new ſongs of goſpel-ſound,
Addreſs their honours to his name.

4 The joy and ſhout,—the harmony
Flies o'er the everlaſting hills:
'Worthy art thou alone,' they cry,
'To read the book, and looſe the ſeals.'

5 Our voices join the heav'nly ſtrain,
And with tranſporting pleaſure ſing,
'Worthy's the Lamb that once was ſlain,
'To be our teacher and our King.'

6 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counſels, deep deſigns;
His grace and vengeance ſhall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

7 Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls from hell,
With thine ineſtimable blood;
And, thro' thee, thoſe that did rebel,
Enjoy the favour of their God.

8 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
Who dy'd for treaſons not his own,
To be moſt rev'rently ador'd,
And to rule on his Father's throne.

SONG LXXIX.

1 FROM heav'n rebellious angels fell,
And wrath and darkneſs chain'd them down:
But earthly men forſook their bliſs,
Yet they are raiſed to a throne.

2 Amazing work of ſov'reign grace,
That hath diſtinguiſh'd rebels ſo!
Our guilty treaſons call'd aloud
For everlaſting fetters too.

3 To thee, to thee, O God of grace,
To thee, ourſelves, our all we owe.

Myriads of men ſhall ſound thy praiſe,
Redeem'd from everlaſting woe.

SONG LXXX.

1 SING the praiſes of the Lord;
His great love to us record;
He hath made his grace divine
Towards guilty men to ſhine.

2 When by ſin we were expos'd
Unto death, he interpos'd.
God did lay our help upon
His own Son, the mighty One!

3 He thro' death deſtroy'd our foe *,
By his grief remov'd our woe:
Thro' his glorious ſaving might
Life eternal's brought to light.

4 He the curſe bore on the tree,
That the guilty might be free;
He redeemed us from wrath,
And for us unſtinged death.

5 All our works for us he wrought;
Happineſs for us he bought:

* The devil.

Soon we'll ſhare much greater bliſs
Than man had in Paradiſe;

6 For he reigns beyond the grave,
From death's hand us to receive,
Where celeſtial joys remain,
Worthy him who bore our pain.

7 To the Lamb who dy'd and roſe,
And hath vanquiſh'd all our foes,
Glory be for ever giv'n,
By the ſaints here, and in heav'n.

SONG LXXXI.

1 BEfore the heav'ns were ſtretch'd abroad,
From everlaſting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God,
And muſt divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r were all things made;
By him ſupported all things ſtand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 But, lo! he takes a ſervant's form;
The Word deſcends, and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converſe with worms,
Cloath'd in ſuch feeble fleſh as they.

4 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' Almighty Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When in him all the Godhead ſhone!

5 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn his wiſe deſigns, and tell
The loves of our incarnate God,
The glories of Immanuel.

SONG LXXXII.

1 THE true Meſſiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn:
So fly the ſhadows and the ſtars
Before the riſing dawn.

2 No ſmoking ſweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kids, nor bullocks ſlain;
Incenſe and ſpice of coſtly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron muſt lay his robes aſide,
His mitre and his veſt,
When God himſelf comes down to be
The off'ring and the prieſt.

4 He took our mortal fleſh to ſhow
The wonders of his love;
He gave his life for us below,
And pleads for us above.

SONG LXXXIII.

1 THERE is one above all others,
That deſerves the name of friend;
His love is beyond a brother's,—
Fruitful, free, and without end:
They who once his kindneſs prove,
Find it everlaſting love!

2 Which of all our friends to ſave us
From God's wrath, would ſhed his blood?
But our Saviour dy'd to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God:
This was boundleſs love indeed!
Jeſus is a friend in need.

3 When he was on earth abaſed,
As our ſurety he was ſlain;
Now above all glory raiſed,
He is touched with our pain:
Jeſus is the beſt of friends;
He to all our wants attends.

4 May his grace our hearts ſtill ſoften.
Lord, increaſe our faith and love.
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above:—
But when we to heav'n are brought,
We ſhall love him as we ought.

SONG LXXXIV.

1 'SAVE me, O God, becauſe the floods
'Break in upon my ſoul:
'I ſink, and ſorrows o'er my head
'Like mighty waters roll.

2 'I cry till all my voice is gone;
'In tears I waſte the day:
'My God, behold my longing eyes,
'And ſhorten thy delay.

3 'They hate my ſoul without a cauſe,
'And ſtill their number grows:
'More than the hairs around my head,
'And mighty are my foes.'

4 Thus Jeſus utter'd his complaint,
In time of his diſtreſs,
While guilty men derided all
His perfect righteouſneſs.

5 Then—then he paid that dreadful debt
Which men could never pay,
And gave thoſe honours to the law
Which ſinners took away.

6 Now ſhall his choſen ſurely find
Salvation in his name;
For he hath born their heavy load
Of ſorrow, pain, and ſhame.

7 'Twas in a moſt accepted hour
His prayer roſe on high;
And for his ſake the Lord ſhall hear
The needy when they cry.

SONG LXXXV.

1 THE king of dread could not detain
The Saviour in his pow'r:
He burſt his bonds, he broke his chain,
At the appointed hour.

2 In vain *Rome*'s ſoldiers attend,
The ſepulchre to guard;
They ſee an angel bright deſcend,
To ope it to the Lord.

3 They ſhake—ſcarce ſtand upon the ground,
Struck with the ſhining light;

They feel the earth convuls'd around,
And quickly take their flight.

4 Th' Almighty Father would not leave,
His holy One, moſt dear,
To ſee corruption in the grave,
And lie a pris'ner there.

5 A perſon ſo divine was he,
Who dy'd to purge our ſtain,
That he could give his ſoul away,
And take his life again.

6 He conqu'red with his dying breath:
He vanquiſh'd all our foes;
And then he broke the bars of death,
And in full triumph roſe.

7 Raiſe, raiſe, ye ſaints, your voices high,
And Hallelujahs ſing;
The grave hath loſt its victory,
And death hath loſt his ſting.

SONG LXXXVI.

1 WHO ſhall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God, who doth them juſtify,
Thro' the atonement, made in blood,
For ſinners juſtly doom'd to die.

2 Who ſhall adjudge them unto hell?
'Tis Chriſt, who ſuff'red in their ſtead;
And their deliv'rance to fulfil,
Again he riſeth from the dead.

3 He lives! he lives, and ſits above;
For ever interceding there!
Who ſhall divide us from his love?
Or what ſhould tempt us to deſpair?

4 Shall tribulation, or diſtreſs,
Famine, or ſword, or nakedneſs?
He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

5 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cauſe his mercy to remove,
Or ever part us from his love.

SONG LXXXVII.

1 WE ſing the glories of thy love,
We ſound thy dreadful name;
The Chriſtian church unites the ſongs
Of Moſes and the Lamb.

2 Great God! how wondrous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!

Thou King of ſaints, Almighty Lord,
How juſt and true thy ways!

3 Who will refuſe to fear thy name,
And worſhip at thy throne;
Thy judgments ſpeak thy holineſs,
Thro' all the nations known.

4 Great Babylon, that rul'd the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,
Her crimes ſhall ſpeedily awake
The fury of our God.

5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And ſhe muſt drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her ſov'reign Judge,
And ſhall fulfil her plagues.

SONG LXXXVIII.

1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud to Jeſus' name;
Ye who Jeſus' kindneſs prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who ſee the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As ye prize the joys above,
Praiſe and bleſs redeeming love.

3 Lo! this love hath wonders done,
Rais'd the guilty to a throne,
Brought them unto greater bliſs
Than man had in Paradiſe.

4 Hither then your muſic bring,
Lift your voice, and ſweetly ſing;
Mortals join the hoſts above,
Join to praiſe redeeming love.

SONG LXXXIX.

1 JESUS, who dy'd his church to ſave,
Revives, and riſes from the grave,
By his almighty pow'r:
From death and ev'ry foe ſet free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

2 Children of God, look up*, and ſee
Your Saviour cloath'd with majeſty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb;
Give up with your diſtreſſing fears,
A place for you he now prepares,
And ſoon will bring you home.

* Contemplate the things which are above.

3 His church is ſtill his joy and crown;
He looks with love and pity down
On her he did redeem:
He all her wants and weakneſs knows,
And pleads ſhe may o'ercome her foes,
And ever reign with him.

SONG XC.

1 WITHIN that tabernacle true
Which God hath pitch'd—not man,
Jeſus, our high-prieſt, doth abide,
And ſit upon his throne.

2 He is the King on Zion hill;
'Tis there his throne doth ſtay:
He ſits at God's right hand, and rules
With an unbounded ſway.

3 For why?—He walked uprightly,
And wrought out righteouſneſs;
God's perfect law was in his heart,
Its truth he did expreſs.

4 He never ſlander'd with his tongue;
His mouth from guile was free:
Pure, holy, harmleſs, undefil'd,
And free from ſin was he.

5 He did not fail to pay the vow
Which he had made to God,
That he would bear his people's ſins,
And clear their debt in blood.

PAUSE.

6 He is the way, the truth, the life;
The firſt-born from the dead,
Who vanquiſh'd death and all our foes,
And bruis'd the ſerpent's head.

7 Sing praiſe to him, the living One,
Whom angels all adore:
He dy'd to ranſom guilty men,
And lives to die no more.

SONG XCI.

1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath beſtow'd
On ſinners of a mortal race,
To call them ſons of God.

2 'Tis no ſurpriſing thing,
That we ſhould be unknown;
The Jews, who had the word of God,
Knew not his only Son.

3 It doth not yet appear
How great we ſhall be made:
But when we ſee our Saviour here,
We ſhall be like our Head.

4 A hope ſo much divine,
May trials well endure;
May purge our ſouls from ſenſe and ſin,
As Chriſt the Lord is pure.

SONG XCII.

1 O, The delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jeſus ſheds the brighteſt beams
Of his amazing grace!

2 Sweet majeſty, and ſov'reign love,
Reſt ſmiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above,
At humble diſtance bow.

3 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright ſcepters down;
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs, rejoice,
To ſee him wear the crown.

4 His feet, thoſe lovely feet of his,
Which once rude iron tore,

High on a throne of light they ſtand,
And all the ſaints adore.

5 His head, the dear majeſtic head,
Which platted thorns did wound,
What bright immortal glories ſhine,
And circle it around!

6 This is the man, the peerleſs Man,
Whom we, unſeen, adore:
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts ſhall love him more.

SONG XCIII.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where ſaints in glory reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleaſures baniſh pain.

2 Delightful land! could our weak eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our ſpirits long to riſe,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 There pain and ſickneſs never come,
And grief no place obtains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endleſs pleaſure reigns!

4 No cloud thoſe bliſsful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For ſin, the ſource of ev'ry woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor ſun's faint ſickly ray;
But glory from the ſacred throne,
Spreads everlaſting day.

SONG XCIV.

1 THE time draws nigh, when in the clouds
Our Saviour will appear;
And the laſt trumpet's awful voice
Shall fill his foes with fear.

2 The earth's foundations then ſhall ſhake;
The graves ſhall op'ned be,
And they who ſleep in Chriſt ſhall riſe,
And all his glory ſee.

3 The living ſaints ſhall changed be,
And with them mount on high;
They'll praiſe the Saviour as they mount,
To meet him in the ſky.

4 With him unto their Father's houſe
In triumph they ſhall go;

They'll dwell for ever with the Lord,
Where living pleaſures flow.

SONG XCV.

1 THE ranſom'd myriads round the throne,
Who raiſe their notes to Jeſus' name,
Speak of no merit of their own,
But Jeſus' worth alone proclaim.

2 'Thou haſt our robes waſh'd, and made white,
'In thy own blood;' this is their ſong:
And they ſhout forth with great delight,
'Salvation doth to God belong.'

3 Let us on earth, with chearful voice,
And grateful hearts, reſound 'Amen;'
And ſay, while we in him rejoice,
'Worthy's the Lamb for ſinners ſlain.'

SONG XCVI.

1 JESUS is gone above the ſkies,
Where our weak ſenſes reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thruſt our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his worthineſs;

And to refreſh our minds, he gave
Theſe kind memorials of his grace*.

3 Jeſus himſelf his table ſpread.
For food he gives his fleſh and blood!
We on the rich proviſion feed,
And ſing the praiſes of our God.

4 Let ſinful pleaſures be forgot†,
And earth grow leſs in our eſteem;
May Jeſus' love fill ev'ry thought,
And may we ſtill be glad in him.

5 Tho' he is abſent from our ſight,
'Tis to prepare for us a place,
In the realms of heav'nly light,
Where we ſhall ſee him face to face.

SONG XCVII.

1 GLORY unto Jeſus be;
[*Hallelujah.*]
From the curſe he made us free;
[*Hallelujah.*]
All our guilt on him was laid;
[*Hallelujah.*]

* The ſymbols of his broken body and ſhed blood.

† Not remembred as things that ſhould be deſired.

He the ranſom fully paid.
[*Hallelujah.*]

2 His redeeming work is done;
[*Hallelujah.*]
God's well-pleaſed in his Son;
[*Hallelujah.*]
He hath rais'd him from the dead,
[*Hallelujah.*]
And he reigns—the church's Head.
[*Hallelujah.*]

3 Surely he will come again,
[*Hallelujah.*]
And his ſaints with him ſhall reign;
[*Hallelujah.*]
In this hope we joyful ſay,
[*Hallelujah.*]
Haſten, Lord, the happy day.
[*Hallelujah.*]

SONG XCVIII.

1 VAIN are the hopes which rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
As children of a pious race;—
Their fathers now with God.

2 The righteouſneſs which was wrought out
By Jeſus Chriſt the Lord,
Can give the guilty ſolid hope,
And make them keep God's word.

3 This righteouſneſs doth God reveal
To ev'ry choſen one,
That he may live thereby, and breathe
The ſpirit of his Son.

SONG XCIX.

1 ALL glory, and immortal praiſe,
Unto the Bleſſed Three be giv'n;
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt;
The Three that bear record in heav'n.

2 The Father ſaith, Behold my Son,
Whom I have ſent the world to ſave:
Not to condemn the world he came;
But that tranſgreſſors life might have.

3 The Son ſaith, I have finiſhed
The work thou gaveſt me to do:
Thee I have glorify'd on earth;
To law and juſtice giv'n their due.

4 The Holy Spirit teſtifies
That men are ſav'd by Jeſus too,

When he makes known the ſure record,
And in the conſcience keeps it true.

5 Let all then who are taught of God
To know the truth he hath reveal'd,
Rejoice; for they've eternal life
In him whom God the Father ſeal'd.

SONG C.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praiſe, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n*.

* This ſhall certainly take place when all miſery is confined to the lake of fire.

NOTE, For *this*, in Song IX. verſe 5. line 2. read *thy*.—Pleaſe correct it with a pen.

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